THE TORMENT AND TRIUMPH OF
HELEN KELLER.

Ethel Delston

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HOUSE FOR THE BLIND

Through the searching fingertips that have been her only eyes for 73 years, Helen Keller sees the President's smile.

The torment and triumph of

Helen Keller

By Ethel Delston

When Helen Keller tours a foreign country on behalf of its blind citizens, whole cities turn out to pay her homage. In the past three decades, her work for the physically handicapped in Syria, Korea, Peru, New Zealand has transformed the lives of hundreds of thousands of blind and deaf persons. "The tears are in my eyes," she wrote, describing her visit to Lebanon, "as I recall the wonderful welcome given me . . ."

Public recognition of her selfless contributions to the well-being of the blind is evidenced by France's presentation to her last year of the Legion of Honor, by awards from South Africa, Australia, Israel, Scotland, Brazil—the complete list would include most of the countries in the world.

Traveling so much, meeting so many people, Miss Keller is constantly subjected to their foibles. When

Her hands were her light

School *for 12-year-old Helen was the light handclasp of her teacher, Anne Sullivan, whose tireless fingers spelled a way out of the darkness of her childhood.*

The victor *over meaninglessness, Helen Keller at 39 was confident in her knowledge of the world and in her role of helping others like herself to know it.*

she was visiting Lady Astor in London she met George Bernard Shaw. She was thrilled to meet the man whose wit and courage had always made her feel that he knew the password of the silent dark. Lady Astor introduced them and said, "You know, Mr. Shaw, Miss Keller is deaf and blind." To which Shaw answered, "Why of course—all Americans are!"

Helen Keller was the only one his remark failed to perturb. She herself had already written practically the same thing in one of her books:

"I am deaf, I am blind, and it may be an odd thought for one such as me—but I do think too many people go through the world deaf to the problems of life and blind to the beauty of self-education. Even a woman, alone all day with her child, quietly making the home her husband is striving for, ignores the fact that her happiness depends upon her knowledge of the facts of life and in her is wrapped the hope of the future: the way she brings up her child."

One would naturally expect a person as isolated from her fellow man as Miss Keller to be isolated in her thinking, but her detachment did not last after the age of six. Since that time her deep concern for humanity, her grasp and interpretation of world affairs have astounded almost three generations. She has turned her afflictions into assets. "I am, myself, still a reasonable human being. . . . In my isolation, I have had the opportunity to read, and to ponder, and to think, and to be educated—the opportunity most women deny themselves. And to me, the darkness and the silence exist no longer."

What pains her most is that people think she is different. "Even while I laugh," she has said, "I feel a twinge of pain in my heart, because it seems rather hard to me that anyone should imagine that I do not feel as others feel. Sometimes a sense of isolation enfolds me like a cold mist as I sit alone and wait at life's shut gate."

But she said this when she was very young, still in school. She stopped waiting a long time ago. She found her object in life—helping others to overcome their difficulties—and since that time she has grown into a universal figure, known, appreciated and loved.

TODAY, at seventy-three, Helen Keller is a handsome woman. If you did not see the wrinkles in her face and the gray in her hair, you would think you were looking at an exciting young woman in her thirties. She dresses beautifully in tailored suits which fit her trim figure perfectly. No bracelets or rings impede the work of her important hands. Her hands are her eyes and ears, as well as her sense of touch. She puts a string of pearls around her neck, perhaps also a little gold pin. And, of course, the tiny dash of red on her collar—the rosette of the Legion of Honor.

She is not photogenic; pictures do not do her justice. She is tall, full-bodied, with a strong, graceful posture. She holds her head high as if she were always listening and watching. She seems to be built

of fine, highly charged wires, ready to vibrate at the lightest touch, mental or physical.

But most of the time in any gathering, business or social, she is forced to sit quietly, wrapped in silence. Often long moments pass before her companion, Miss Polly Thomson, spells into her hand what is being said, what is happening around her. But even while she waits she is never inanimate. She holds her hands tightly folded in her lap, clutching each other. Always she must rigidly control her impulse to take part in the goings-on which those who can see and hear take for granted.

One night it seemed as though she had lost that discipline over herself. Sitting on the platform at Madison Square Garden, she disagreed with one of the other speakers whose words Miss Thomson was translating into her hand. The audience watched as every gesture expressed her emotional reactions. She strained in her chair as though scarcely able to hold back the protest that rose to her lips. But this happens only on rare occasions.

A day in New York for Miss Keller may include a speech at the United Nations, and another a few hours later at the American Jewish Federation for the Blind. But when she is not attending public functions or going to the theater or playing with the children she loves, she spends an eight to ten-hour day at her work. She is at her desk before nine, writing her books—she has written ten, plus innumerable articles for newspapers and magazines—composing her speeches, answering the mountain of correspondence which comes to her every day from all over the world. The important letters have been put into Braille by her secretary and she answers them herself on her Braille typewriter. After lunch, she may take a short nap or a walk in the grounds of her Connecticut home. She follows a winding path, with her fingertips on the railing which Miss Thomson had built for her. If she decides to venture away from that path, one of her dogs, Et Tu, her Seeing-Eye, accompanies her. Then back to the typewriter again.

She likes to read at night, in bed. The Braille books are larger and much heavier than ordinary ones, but with pillows at her back and the book on her knees, she loses herself in poetry, novels, plays, and occasionally a detective story. She gets six magazines printed in Braille every month, plus a world digest from England and one in French from Paris.

She says, "It takes me longer to do things." Perhaps, but in the process she commits everything to memory. She makes her speeches without notes. She has educated her mind.

Most of her knowledge has come through her hands. As a child, she learned the texture and beauty of a butterfly by touching its delicate wings. She learned the shape and size of an elephant by walking around it for an hour, feeling its immensity and strangeness. At Radcliffe, the lectures were spelled into her hand by Miss Sullivan, her companion at that time. All of her books are printed in Braille. She has molded her mind like a sculptor fashioning a living, breathing work of art. Becoming educated was a pleasure for her.

Miss Keller's constant companion is Miss Polly Thomson, who became a member of the Keller household when she was a young girl fresh from Scotland thirty-nine years ago. There is still a hint of wild

***Questions** from reporters about her tour of Asia to help the blind were transmitted to Miss Keller by her companion, Polly Thomson, just before they sailed in 1937.*

***Answers** to Miss Keller's tense wartime curiosity about the Flying Fortress came when she visited the Boeing plant and felt one of the huge bomber's gun turrets.*

heather in her speech—and hence to Miss Keller's thoughts as she interprets them for her. She is friend, housekeeper, confidante and sister—they enjoy the kind of relationship other people dream about. Miss Thomson is an attractive woman in her own right and bubbles over with interest and laughter. In the overwhelming presence of Miss Keller she can set a stranger at ease in a moment, no longer than it takes to greet you, laugh and shake your hand—an invaluable asset in view of the thousands of people she and Miss Keller meet in their travels.

Anne Sullivan Macy, Miss Keller's teacher and companion for fifty years, died in 1936. Up to that time, the three lived and traveled together wherever Miss Keller's work took them. Now, only Miss Thomson goes with Miss Keller on her trips all over the world. Together, they meet kings and presidents, premiers and prime ministers—all for the purpose of building a better life for the blind.

They have two methods of communication, and interchange them constantly. Sometimes Polly turns to Helen and speaks almost quickly, in a normal tone. Helen places two fingers lightly across Polly's mouth, and her thumb on Polly's throat, right under her chin. And as Polly speaks, Helen repeats rapidly, word for word, everything Polly says, even to the change of tone. Other times, Polly spells the words in the manual alphabet into Helen's hand, so quickly that the eye cannot follow the movement of her fingers. When a third person is with them, Polly repeats aloud whatever she is telling Helen. Often, when speaking into Helen's hand, Polly ends the sentence with a light slap, and both women burst out laughing. Talking about themselves and what they have done, they seem to be reminded together and at the same moment of something they shared, and they often laugh at the same things.

Polly never lets Helen feel alone. She holds her hand, she slaps Helen's arm or shoulder, she sits thigh to thigh with her. Always contact, always thoughtfulness. She never lets go of Helen on the street or in a room until she has put Helen's hand on a railing or against a chairback. They are in tune with each other. They walk at the same pace, arm in arm. They turn to each other at the same time—neither is ever alone mentally. They blend.

Polly explains everything in advance to Helen: "We are waiting for the boy to get us a taxi. . . . Here it is, keep your head down, don't bump your head, this is a low ceiling. . . . We're passing a candy shop, Helen, shall we stop in for a sweet?"

Every spring, at a given date, Miss Thomson has their trunks hauled down from the attic, pulls hatboxes and overnight bags out of the closets, talks over their itinerary with Miss Keller and sets in motion the preparations for their annual three-month trip abroad.

Two years ago, one of their stops was Cairo. There was no help in Cairo for the blind.

When she arrived by plane, a throng of distinguished officials was waiting to welcome her. In a dress of light blue flowing stuff, she walked down the slanting ramp, tall and erect, her hand sliding loosely along the rail. Miss Thomson told her later, "We flew in from the sky on the plane, and when they caught their first sight of you, walking down toward them, they thought you looked like an angel from Heaven."

***Touch system** is used by Miss Keller not only to operate her special Braille typewriter, but to read what she has written. Beside her sits Et Tu, her Seeing-Eye dog.*

Miss Keller talked with every high government official in Cairo. She visited the homes of the blind. She learned how lonely, how dirty they were, how pointless their lives as, without help, they fumbled their way through each dark day. She spoke to them. She encouraged them.

She told the Minister of Education, "You must fling open the door to your afflicted people. You must educate them, help them become useful citizens. You need each one. As long as one poor soul in your city is allowed to sit alone, universal peace may remain only a dim dream. Civilization is no longer a local affair."

Less than a year later, eight schools for the blind had been built and were in operation in Cairo.

Now, because of her profound understanding of vital world issues and her interest in the handicapped, Miss Keller holds a unique position as a world-renowned figure. She has been chosen as one of the twelve most distinguished women in America. This was no accident.

It was a long, hard struggle, beginning with torment in the small Alabama town where she was born. Most of us start life with a bland acceptance of the sweetness and knowledge our five senses allow us to absorb. Most children take for granted a tree, a cloud,

the sight of a human face, the sound of a loved one's voice. But when Helen was nineteen months old, she became ill. Nella Braddy describes how the doctors diagnosed the trouble as acute congestion of the stomach and brain, which was so severe that she was not expected to live. But when she rallied they said she was all right, and left her with her mother. The following morning her mother discovered one-half of the bitter truth. While she was bathing the child, she noticed that when her hand accidentally passed before Helen's eyes, the lids did not close. She thought at first it was because of the languor which had naturally followed the fever, and tried again. When it was obvious that Helen could see nothing, Mrs. Keller consulted a specialist. She learned that her little girl was incurably blind.

No one had yet discovered that Helen was deaf. This her parents learned when they rang the dinner bell and she did not come; when they rattled a tin can of stones, one of her favorite playthings, and she did not move; when they spoke to her gently and there was no response; when they screamed at her and still she did not turn her head.

In the 1880s, in the small Southern town, there was no help. Day after day, the mother watched her child slipping from her, as she tried desperately, and futilely, to hold on to the few strands of communication left them.

Little Helen played quietly around the house for three years with her family and friends who understood her gestures—for example, when she put her two fists together she wanted to go to the barn to hunt for eggs—but no one ever communicated with her. "Always alone, always alone, my silent, aimless, dayless existence began to grow unbearable. I began to struggle against the invisible hands which were pressing me back . . ."

At the age of five, by putting her fingers on her parents' lips and throats, and running from one to the other, she learned that when one spoke, the other answered. She would stand in the middle of the room, moving her lips too, trying to talk. But nothing happened, and she began to have tantrums. Crying, screaming, kicking, the desire to express herself grew. "The few signs I used became less and less adequate. I cried out for communication—the need of the human being; communication became so urgent that the outbursts of passion occurred daily, hourly!"

Mr. and Mrs. Keller began to search for a teacher for Helen. Through Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, who worked with blind and deaf children, they were put in touch with Anne Sullivan at the Perkins Institution for the Blind in Boston.

Miss Sullivan was only twenty. She had had trouble with her eyes, too, and only recently, by a series of operations, had her sight been restored.

She knew the manual alphabet (which consists of a different finger position for each letter), she knew how to read and write Braille: this was her formal education for the task of teaching a blind and deaf child. But more important than anything else was her native intelligence and perception. She quickly came to realize that in order to teach Helen she must first find out what Helen wanted and needed to learn. Today this is called progressive education, but in those days no teacher had ever heard of it.

Whenever Anne Sullivan realized that a new method of teaching was necessary to Helen's development she invented it. It was not easy. Many nights she cried herself to sleep. It was in this sensitivity that the key to her success with Helen lay.

"The most important day I remember in all my life is the one on which my teacher, Anne Mansfield Sullivan, came to me. I am filled with wonder when I consider the immeasurable contrast between the two lives which it connects."

HELEN was strong, willful, wild as a colt. Miss Sullivan decided the first job was to teach her table manners. By force, she made Helen sit in a chair and eat from her plate, instead of running around the table, grabbing food from the others' plates. By force, she put a spoon in the mystified child's hand, made her put food into it and then into her mouth. But she succeeded only after hours of kicking, screaming and pinching by Helen, and only after the whole family had left the table in shared agony.

No one had ever tried to teach Helen before. How could they? There was no way to talk to her; they did not know how to show her. When, at last, Miss Sullivan succeeded in conveying this first simple lesson,

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***The feel of antiquity** is absorbed by Miss Keller in Cairo as, gently guided by Miss Thomson, she examines the head of Chephren, one of the pyramid-builders.*

The Happy Little Fish

Six years ago, when food was so scarce in the war-disrupted world that even the richest nations were on ration cards, Al Capp created the Happy Little Shmoo, a creature whose sole aim in life was to be eaten by human beings—broiled, fried, roasted, sautéed or cooked in a rich cream sauce for which the Shmoo himself, prior to his cooking, provided the cream.

Where Mr. Capp got the inspiration for this succulent and providential little animal is his own business; but it might surprise him and those who remember the Shmoo to know that there is a creature very like him in the world, one who is providing Shmoo-like food to millions of traditionally hungry families in Southeast Asia. This Shmoo is a fish, and its name is tilapia, or the "mad fish," because it eats like mad, grows like mad and reproduces like mad.

The tilapia is a member of the carp family, which will thrive almost anywhere. Right now, aided and abetted by the United Nations Food and Agricultural Organization, it is populating ponds, swamps, rice paddies, ditches, tanks and even barrels in Malaya, Ceylon, Thailand and the Philippines, as well as Haiti and Jamaica in the Western Hemisphere. Its reproduction is truly Shmoolike in both speed and quantity: it attains maturity in four months and breeds the whole year round at three-month intervals. Two adult tilapia in a pond will have multiplied to ten thousand tilapia within twelve months—and all of them are good eating.

In lands where meat prices are too high for most of the population, they are an excellent source of cheap protein, and a fine cash crop as well. They are delicious broiled, fried, dried, salted, smoked or pickled. And they grow to a nice table size, one-half to three-quarters of a pound, with firm flesh and only a few small bones. While they are growing to the proper size for consumers, they themselves are busy eating, fattening up on a variety of aquatic plants and animals, insects, worms and—very important in countries with a high incidence of malaria—mosquito larvae. When its young are threatened, the tilapia cleverly cuts down the mortality rate by carrying the eggs and the baby fish in its mouth.

The story of these amazing fish began in the waters and lagoons of Mozambique, where the tilapia has long been a popular feature of the native diet. In 1939, an observant Dutch expert on fish noticed some tilapia in a pond in Indonesia, thousands of miles from their native habitat. There were no clues as to how these small fish had made such a fantastic journey, but the Indonesians didn't worry about it. The little fish multiplied again and again, and when the Dutch technician emerged from a Japanese prison camp in 1945 he found the Indonesians consuming tens of thousands of tons annually. Tilapia had become such a basic part of the local menu that the Nipponese invaders tried to claim credit for bringing them to Asia.

The latest convert to tilapia is Thailand, whose people were found to be "malnourished" as a result of a protein deficiency. In August 1949 the government turned to the "mad fish" and the Royal Thai Fisheries Department imported a sample batch of tilapia from Penang, Malaya. A year later, a second modest shipment of 200 more was ordered from Singapore for further study and the FAO was requested to send skilled fish culturists to advise.

The UN experts, in order to interest the Siamese in the possibilities of these peculiar fish, launched their joint selling campaign by distributing small numbers of baby tilapia to farmers coming into town for agricultural fairs and religious festivals. A typical tale is that of Mr. Nai Udom, curious but skeptical, who took home a score of little fish from his November 1950 visit to the Nakorn Phathom Temple Fair. After keeping them in an earthen trough in his back yard for a while, he built a fish pond and tossed them in with some ordinary carp. The happy Mr. Udom, an enthusiastic fish farmer now, had a couple of thousand tilapia in a matter of months, and has since given away thousands more to neighbors.

News of this amazing fish spread like wildfire through the rural population as such success stories circulated, and 150,000 fingerlings (less than one inch long) were distributed in 1951. Some 400,000 were given away in 1952, and the 1953 target was 5,000,000. At least 75 per cent of these are expected to reach maturity and show up on the dinner table before Easter. Thai government fisheries have stepped up distribution to more than 500,000 per month, but the demand is still growing. The national budget includes a special $4 million appropriation for the promotion and development of fish farming during the next decade.

The European-educated King Phumiphol of Thailand has shown a real interest, and he dramatized the national acceptance of the tilapia by staging an elaborate ceremony with Queen Sirikit and the royal court in attendance as FAO specialists recently supervised the release of 2,000 of the wonder fish into the pond at the great palace at Hua Hin. These have been reproducing so rapidly that many of their offspring have been given to grateful farmers, who refer to them as "the King's magic fish." During the impressive Siamese New Year ceremonies last April, richly costumed young girls placed tilapia in temple pools as part of ancient religious rites.

There is only one respect in which the tilapia is finicky—he likes his water warm. For this reason, residents of the non-tropical areas of the world are not likely to enjoy the benefits of this happy little Shmoo unless a way is found to make him hardy. Perhaps this is just as well, for in Al Capp's fable the unrestrained eagerness of the Shmoo to turn himself into nutritious delicacies resulted in his near-extermination by commercially minded people who were hungrier for money than they were for food.

The tilapia is unlikely to suffer such a fate. The FAO and the US Point Four program are pushing his development in lands where he is really needed: in the protein-famished countries along the equator the whole world around, where he is changing eating habits and at the same time filling the primary needs of people who might otherwise have starved.

Sideshow

No Raised Eyebrows: In London, research chemist Cecil Smith decided, on a £5 bet ($14), to put the well-known reserve of his countrymen to an acid test. One chilly morning last month he set out for his office, twenty miles away, clad only in pajamas, housecoat and slippers. Although he changed buses three times, he never evoked a single stare or question—all he got for his unconventional ride was £5 and a bad cold.

Old Eagle-Eye: *In Nuremberg, a theatergoing tax collector watched the leading man in a play about black-market racketeering puff his way through a pack of American cigarettes, later waited in the lobby for the manager, and gave him a summons. The cigarettes, he said, had no tax label, hence were obviously bought on the local black market.*

Love in the Orient: Despite India's Child Marriage Restraint Act, tots and teen-agers are still being wed by their elders: 6.3 per cent of all males and 14.5 per cent of all females between the ages of 5 and 14 are married. In Japan, Domestic Affairs Court figures indicate that marriage for love just isn't catching on: two-thirds of all divorce cases involved couples who married on their own initiative rather than through the traditional go-between. Court officials figured out at least one reason: arranged marriages, they said, place a heavy, traditional responsibility on the bride's mother-in-law; in a modern love match, the bride is strictly on her own.

Which Comes First? *In Hong Kong, officials charged with supervising the US embargo on trade with Communist China faced a baffling problem: local merchants were doing a brisk business in pressed ducks raised in Hong Kong but, in some cases, hatched from Chinese eggs. The question: did this make the ducks Chinese, and therefore prohibited? The issue reached the highest official levels, was finally resolved in favor of the ducks; for purposes of export, the Governor, backed by the authority of the Crown, declared them to have "Hong Kong nationality."*

Helen Keller

(*Continued from page 25*)

she kissed Helen in delight, and Helen slapped her, hard.

"Yes, I slapped her. Not for the battle we had had. I liked battles . . . at that time—there was movement in them—movement between another and myself, there was a communication, even though an angry one. I slapped her because she kissed me. I allowed no one to kiss me, no caress. In the dark still world in which I lived, there was no sentiment or tenderness."

Every warm human instinct was stultified and twisted. When Miss Sullivan, convinced that she must live alone with Helen in order to teach her without suffering to the family, set up housekeeping in a small cabin on the grounds, Helen would not even sleep in the same bed with her. She permitted no quiet touch, no contact, preferring to sleep on the cold floor. This battle ended in exhaustion for both of them, and Miss Sullivan won it only because of greater stamina.

In the first two weeks that Miss Sullivan was with her, Helen used to string beads, two glass ones, a wooden one, two glass ones. Then she would tie the string around her neck, put a piece of finery on her head, and preen before the mirror, just as though she could see herself. In her docile moments she allowed the teacher to put a doll in her lap and spell "doll" into her hand, and thus she learned a few words of the manual alphabet by imitating the movements of Miss Sullivan's fingers. But she had no idea what they meant, that everything has a name, that there is such a thing as language. At last, in despair, Miss Sullivan took her outdoors.

"She brought me my hat, and I knew I was going out into the warm sunshine. This thought—if a wordless sensation may be called a thought—made me hop and skip with pleasure.

"My teacher placed my hand under the spout of the water pump. As the cool stream gushed over one hand she spelled into my other hand the word *water*, first slowly, then rapidly. I stood still, my whole attention fixed upon the motions of her fingers. Suddenly, I felt a misty consciousness as of something forgotten — a thrill of returning thought; and somehow the mystery of language was revealed to me. I knew then that 'w-a-t-e-r' meant the wonderful cool something that was flowing over my hand. That living word awakened my soul, gave it light, hope, joy, set it free!"

In a few hours that afternoon Helen learned thirty words. She knocked over her mother, father, teacher with her sudden hugs and kisses. She became, in a matter of minutes, a joyful, insatiable child, totally changed from the earlier frustrated, tortured creature. Miss Sullivan had made contact with her brain.

"It would have been difficult to find a happier child than I was as I lay in my crib at the close of that eventful day, and lived over the joys it had brought, and for the first time longed for a new day to come."

Out of this struggle grew the mature, vigorous, constructive life Helen Keller has created for herself. "Silence and darkness sit immense upon my soul? Oh no, I think not now. For hope comes with a smile and whispers. 'There is joy in self-forgetfulness.'

"And happiness will come for everyone when each home builds its own love. When each woman begins to realize that her home embraces everything we strive for in this world. When each woman realizes that the new child, the new civilization, all the possibilities that sleep in mankind are enfolded in her.

"To plead with Woman, to urge her to open her eyes to the great affairs of life, is merely to bid her make her house ready for the child that is born."

Now, as Miss Keller walks with her dogs in Connecticut, or takes ship and plane again to another far corner of the world with Miss Thomson, she is the epitome of human triumph over insurmountable obstacles.

abundance" of the air or the sea. The problem of capital is only one element ot an extremely complex equation which Rosin ignores.

In this reviewer's opinion, such glaring lacunae make Dr. Rosin's tour-de-force hardly better than a hoax. Osborn is right when he said the "miracles" are in an incipient stage. Rosin knows this. The catch lies in his implication that a world of absolute abundance will come soon. How soon? That is the $128 question.

Obviously Dr. Rosin does not really mean that the problem of providing for those in want is solved. To pretend that it is, is cruel. A solution can come only after the causes are universally recognized.

When Dr. Rosin speaks as a chemist he speaks with a certain authority. When he spreads out into agriculture, politics and economics, he is talking with no more competence than any other intelligent man. When he says that weed-killers will increase the current yield of corn "7½ times" he is talking nonsense—very dangerous nonsense—and he grossly deludes people concerned with one of the most urgent problems of the century.

The thoughtful reader will find much enlightenment by comparing what Rosin has to say about algae in man's future economy with a monograph on algae culture, published recently by the Carnegie Institution of Washington. This report is the basis for Rosin's expansive statements, and hence is fully relevant to the argument.

Four years of laboratory experiment and a year of pilot plant operation leave no doubt that algae may eventually become an important source of proteins, fats and vitamins—even of fuel. But not now, and not tomorrow. Dr. H. A. Spoehr, who was one of the organizers of the chorella project, speaks with real scientific authority, seemingly in anticipation of just such technical euphoria as Rosin's:

"There has been an abundance of visionary schemes. Hope of success seems rather to lie in the direction of concerted evolutionary effort along a wide front, through the critical cooperation of many disciplines.

"This is no time to indulge in the spirals of quixotic dreams. True, vision is necessary, but the vision must be a "disciplined and practical one."

NEW AND NOTEWORTHY

The Life and Work of Sigmund Freud. Vol. I: 1856-1900, *by Ernest Jones, M.D. Basic Books; 428 pp., $6.75.*
Acclaimed as definitive, this is the first of a three-volume study by one of Freud's intimate associates, himself an eminent figure in the psychoanalytical movement and a first class writer.

Triumph and Tragedy: Vol. VI, *by Winston Churchill. Houghton Mifflin; 800 pp., $6.*
Sir Winston's memoirs of the crucial period from June 6, 1944, to July 26, 1945, the last volume in his indispensable and infinitely readable masterpiece.

Cockney Communist, *by Bob Drake. John Day; 190 pp., $3.*
A plain tale of the career of an ordinary London bus conductor who joined the Party in 1933, slaved for the Revolution and quit in exhaustion and disgust eighteen years later.

Beyond Containment, *by William Henry Chamberlin. Regnery; 406 pp. $5.*
As spokesman for the "historical revisionists" of the Right, the author has done a clear and provocative job though the master plan for action beyond containment has yet to be spelled out.

From Fish to Philosopher, *by Homer W. Smith. Little, Brown; 265 pp. $4.*
In tracing mankind's evolution through the evolution of the kidney, the author of *Kamongo* writes brilliantly of man's search for the free life.

The Miracle of Language, *by Charlton Laird. World; 308 pp., $4.*
An engrossing presentation of the ideas and discoveries of modern linguistics, marred only by the author's penchant for insufferably arch chapter headings.

Himmler: The Evil Genius of the Third Reich, *by Willi Frischauer. Beacon; 270 pp., $3.75.*
This detailed yet swiftly paced biography of the SS Chief makes a useful addition to the now voluminous library on the Nazi hierarchy.

Crisis in the Kremlin, *by Maurice Hindus. Doubleday; 319 pp., $3.95.*
Readable, authoritative and anecdotal analysis of Politburo policy; it should help to dispel the myth of the Kremlin's infallibility.

Shaw: A Critical Survey. *Edited by Louis Kronenberger. World; 262 pp., $6.*
A fascinating selection of literary criticism on Shaw since 1901, with an admirable introduction by the editor.

Rebirth and Destiny of Israel, *by David Ben Gurion. Philosophical Library; 539 pp., $10.*
Essays and addresses from 1915 to 1952 which give a vibrant history of Israel and Zionism.

Our Secret Allies: The Peoples of Russia, *by Eugene Lyons. Little, Brown; Duell, Sloan and Pearce; 376 pp., $4.50.*
The author, a violent critic of our latter-day foreign policy, advocates an overt alliance with the Russian peoples. He neglects to say, however, how this feat could be accomplished.

A Treasury of Early Christianity. *Edited by Anne Fremantle. Viking; 625 pp., $6.*
The only one-volume collection available of the writings of the early Church Fathers, including wonderfully wise essays, letters and meditations aptly introduced by the editor.

In the Workshop of the Revolution, *by I. N. Steinberg. Rinehart; 306 pp., $4.*
A graphic account of the Russian Revolution from 1917 through 1921 by the last survivor of Lenin's original coalition cabinet. The book's theme is the Bolshevik betrayal.

From the University Presses

The University of Utopia, *by Robert M. Hutchins. Chicago; 103 pp., $2.50.*
Hazards to American education of industrialization, specialization, philosophical diversity and social and political conformity discussed with the former University of Chicago chancellor's special blend of profundity and smart-aleck brilliance.

Modern China's Foreign Policy, *by Werner Levi. Minnesota; 399 pp., $5.50.*
A solid analysis of Chinese foreign policy of the last 100-odd years, with the emphasis on twentieth-century developments, by the author of *Free India in Asia.*

Dream and Responsibility, *by Peter Viereck. The University Press; 65 pp., $1.50.*
Abbreviated but welcome added evidence that for fertility of ideas, moral perception, range of knowledge, and wit Viereck ranks high among the younger critics.

Moscow and Chinese Communists, *by Robert C. North. Stanford; 306 pp., $5.*
A superb book on the Chinese Communist movement, its relations with Moscow, the rise of Mao, and the implications of the People's Republic.

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The torment and triumph of Helen Keller.

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